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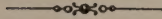
PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
ANALECTIC PRESS.

- No. I. — CHRONOLOGY OF AMERICAN HISTORY, WITH
QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE 1872
- “ II. — LATER ENGRAVINGS BY DR. A. ANDERSON
WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTICE 1873
- “ III. — ILLUSTRATIONS TO MOTHER GOOSE'S MELO-
DIES WITH INTRODUCTION 1873

EXTRA NUMBER.

JOURNAL OF SOLOMON DROWNE M. D. OF PROVIDENCE
R. I. WITH NOTES 1872

INTRODUCTORY.



It is, if we are rightly informed, to an esteemed New England antiquarian, the late Lucius Manlius Sargent, in a communication a few years ago to the *Boston TRANSCRIPT*, that the public was first indebted for the information that the familiar acquaintance of the nursery, the redoubtable **MOTHER GOOSE** was not, as had been generally supposed, a merely mythical personage but an actual lady who had enjoyed a hundred and fifty years or so since a veritable existence. She was in fact a member of the "wealthy family of Goose," ancient landholders in Boston, of good repute in their time; and this was the way in which her name became connected with the ever attractive melodies, which certainly, in point of date, stand at the head of all the poetry with which most persons have any intimacy — those

quaint and inspiring verses which are the first learned and last forgotten.

This Dame Goose, a bustling member of the race at the beginning of the last century had a daughter Elizabeth married by Cotton Mather to Thomas Fleet, an enterprising printer of the day. Children were born of this union and good grandmother Goose would employ herself most lustily in entertaining them with the stock of old nursery rhymes of English growth with which her head was full. Fleet, who is spoken of as "a man fond of quiet," it is said thought this rollicking minstrelsy, which echoed constantly about the walls of his house, a trifle annoying and attempted to laugh it down. But this was only adding fuel to the fire. So, like a true Yankee, instead of uselessly contending longer with the inevitable, he resolved to make the best of it in turning an honest penny. As the melodies were not to be suppressed he made a collection from the lips of his mother-in-law and other sources, and, in the year 1719 published the whole in Boston, "price two coppers," from his printing house in Pudding Lane, with the title "Songs for the Nursery: or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children."

Thus Mother Goose, foremost of female authors, came into the world as a literary celebrity in Boston, and the city is justly proud in claiming her as its own. Other nations, indeed, may have their pretensions to a Mother Goose, but not of this genuine poetical breed. France has consecrated her ladyship in her calendar of the nursery, in her charming fairy tales of Perrault which bear her name, the "Contes de ma mère l'Oye" — an ascription based, it is said, on a legendary proverbial saying of royal origin, respecting a certain mythical, "goose-footed Bertha or Queen Goose," upon whom were *mothered* any odd apochryphal stories which might be current. But Perrault's Tales lack the peculiar brevity and point which give their flavour to the productions of the genuine Mother Goose who in her crisp, epigrammatic style, rarely allows her genius to wander beyond the single half-page.

As for England, there has been an effort in that country also to set up claims for the possession of a "Mother Goose;" but she turns out on investigation to be merely an old woman of Oxford "who sat by the Star inn in the corn market and sold nosegays from a basket in her

lap." She was one of the town celebrities with the students in the first quarter of the present century when she had the honour of being presented to the public in a folio coloured print by Dighton. This lady, though a street ballad may occasionally have crept into her basket, has evidently no affinity to the dear old Mother Goose of our childhood.

It must, however, be admitted that our Mother Goose owes to England the best of the ballads which she has appropriated in the numerous American editions which have followed the original publication in Pudding Lane — a locality significant of the juvenile throats, *when not thus employed*, so often resonant with her jocular, animated strains. The rhymes, indeed, are very ancient, reaching far back into misty oral tradition. It is quite impossible to fix the date of the events which the gabbling mother, sacred to our hearts as to the ancient Romans her great ancestress who saved the Capitol from the enemy by her cackling, narrates. For, how can we determine at this late day, the time or exact scene of the adventure of the learned gentleman, faithfully pictured in our little volume, who with the increased momentum of the heavy

folio under his arm plunges a second time into the bramble bush to regain the sight which he had lost at a first leap? Who of the ancient sages put into rhyme the conclusive philosophy of the instructive legend, savouring of the wisdom of Egypt:—

Says Aaron to Moses,

Let's cut off our noses:

Says Moses to Aaron,

'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

When did Mother Hubbard make her original descent upon the cupboard, or

Old King Cole

The merry old soul

first call for "his pipe, his glass and his fiddlers three;" or in what country of England did little Bo-peep lose her sheep who somehow, on their return, left their tails behind them? It is vain to attempt to answer such questions. The most indefatigable investigators cannot trace these rhymes beloved of the infant of to-day, through the misty folk-lore of ages to their parent origin, coeval doubtless with the earliest babblings of the language, in its first spontaneous gurglings, ripening in successive generations till John Milton

knew

Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,
in immortal L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.

Of the more modern imprints of the "Mother Goose Melodies," one of the most noticeable is that early in the Century by Messrs. Munroe and Francis of Boston who then furnished the juvenile portion of the community with the best part of their reading. It is to them the last generation was indebted for that precursor of a host of similar undertakings, some of which now weigh heavily upon the youthful faculties, the original Peter Parley's Magazine, But this publishing house prided itself especially upon its "O. P. " or " Only Pure " Edition of the right jolly melodies of Mother Goose, though as in the case of the works of Shakespeare, editions so vary in minute particulars, it is difficult to settle the precise grounds on which this claim must finally be determined, But purity of text was not the only merit to be claimed for their edition, the value of which is proved by its still maintaining its foothold in the market in which such more pretending rhymesters as Wordsworth and Byron have had their ups and downs. But in truth there is no literary popularity so equable and substan-

tial and so little to be affected by the fickle tastes of the day as that of Mother Goose. Her Boston publishers after their careful edition of the work took care to strengthen their labours by calling in the aid of the Father of Wood Engraving in America, the already distinguished A. A. or Dr. Alexander Anderson of New York. He cheerfully employed his genius on the task, producing the series of wood engravings which by the kindness of Mr. Charles S. Francis we are now at liberty to include in this brochure. It is not difficult to detect in them something of the artist's characteristic tastes and powers, particularly in such specimens as the old woman sailing against the wind in that aerial broomstick navigation beyond the "reaches of the moon;" in the wild possession of the mad family mounted on the phrenzied steed, conflagration behind and the precipice before, the children being spilt along the short road, — the suggestive empty bottle on the ground — a temperance morality worthy the pencil of George Cruikshank: while we may fancy the wood engraver adding authorship to his art, as he describes in verses which we do not remember to have seen in any other edition, his own favorite longing for the fiddle in performing

upon which instrument he was an acknowledged adept.

The lovers of the memory of the venerable A. A. of whom since the publication of Mr. Lossing's charming "Memorial" there are now increasing numbers, will we think, those of them who are fortunate enough to obtain it, cherish the following addition to their minor art treasures.

E. A. D.

New York, February, 1873.



Only fifty Copies have been printed.

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MELODIES.



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16. When good King Arthur ruled his land
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There was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,
And they lived all in a mad lane!
They had three children all at a birth,
And they too were mad every one.
The father was mad,
The mother was mad,
The children all mad beside;
And upon a mad horse they all of them got,
And madly away did ride.





There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race,
The bull did fight the humble-bee,
And scratched him in the face.





Richard and Robin were two pretty men;
They laid abed till the clock struck ten;
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
Oh ho! brother Richard, the sun's very high,
Do you go before with the bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag.





One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?





There was an old woman tost up in a blanket,
Seventy times as high as the moon,
What she did there, I cannot tell you,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky.
And I shall be back again by and by.





Once in my life I married a wife,
And where do you think I found her?
On Gretna Green, in velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick to pound her,
She jumped over a barberry-bush,
And I jump'd over a timber,
I showed her a gay gold ring,
And she showed me her finger.





There was an old woman, she liv'd in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do,
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipt them all soundly and put them to bed.





There was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous wise,
He jump'd into a bramble-bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.





There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him.





To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head;
Let's stay awhile, says Slow;
Put on the pot, says Greedy-Sot,
We'll sup before we go.





Jemmy Jed went into a shed,
And made of a ted of straw his bed;
An owl came out and flew about,
And Jemmy Jed up stakes and fled.
Wan't Jemmy Jed a staring fool,
Born in the woods to be scar'd by an owl.







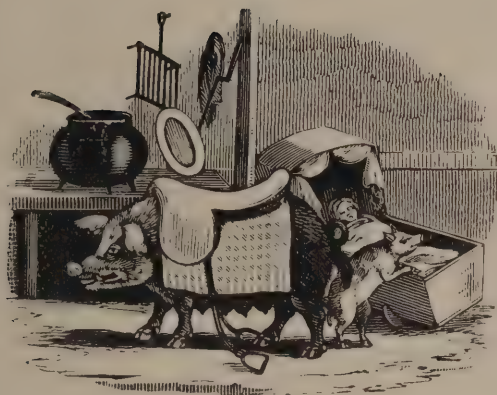
Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.





The sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd up on the table
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
Odsplut! said the gridiron,
Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me.





Jacky, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.





There was a Piper had a Cow,
And he had naught to give her,
He pull'd out his pipes and play'd her a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."





When good King Arthur ruled his land
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.





Pretty John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?









FEB 8 1927

